Go thou to Richard, and good Angels garde thee,
Go thou to ſanctuarie, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets ſound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Coſen of Buckingham,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he aſcendeth the throne.*
Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſiſtance is king Richard ſeated:
But ſhall we weare theſe honours for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we reioice in them?

Buc. Still liue they, and for for euer may they laſt.

King Ri. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Young Edward liues: thinke now what I would ſay.

Buc. Say on my gratious ſoueraigne.

King. Why buckingham, I ſay I would be king.

Buc. Why ſo you are my thrice renowmed liege.

King. Ha: am I king? tis ſo, but Edward liues.

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter conſequence,
That Edward ſtill ſhould liue true noble prince.
Coſen, thou wert not wont to be ſo dull:
Shall I be plaine? I wiſh the baſtards dead,
And I would haue it ſuddenly performde.
What ſaiſt thou? ſpeake ſuddenly be breefe.

Buc. Your grace may do your pleaſure.

King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindneſſe freeſeth,
Say, haue I thy conſent that they ſhall die?

Buc. Giue me ſome breath, ſome little pauſe my Lord,
Before I poſitiuelie ſpeake herein:
I will reſolue your grace immediatlie.

Cateſ. The King is angrie, ſee, he bites the lip.

King. I will conuerſe with iron witted fooles
And vnreſpectiue boies, none are for me
That looke into me with conſiderate eies:

Boy,

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumſpect.

Boy. My Lord.

King. Knoweſt thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt vnto a cloſe exploit of death.

Boy. My lord, I know a diſcontented gentleman,
Whoſe humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Golde were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name?

Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.

King. Go call him hither preſently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſell,
Hath he ſo long held out with me vntirde
And ſtops he now for breath? *Enter Darby.*
How now, What newes with you?

Darby. My Lord, I heare the Marqueſſe Dorſet
Is fled to Richmond, in thoſe parts beyond the ſeas where he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad,
That Anne my wife is ſicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping cloſe:
Enquire me out ſome meane borne gentleman,
Whom I will marrie ſtraight to Clarence daughter.
The boy is fooliſh, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamſt: I ſay againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is ſicke and like to die.
About it, for it ſtands me much vpon
To ſtop all hopes whoſe growth may damage me,
I muſt be married to my brothers daughter,
Or elſe my Kingdome ſtands on brittle glaſſe,
Murther her brothers, and then marrie her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in bloud, that ſin plucke on ſin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye. *Enter Tirrel.*
Is thy name Tirrell.

Tir. James Tirrell and your moſt obedient ſubiect.